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The LIFESTYLES MAGAZINE

November 1991





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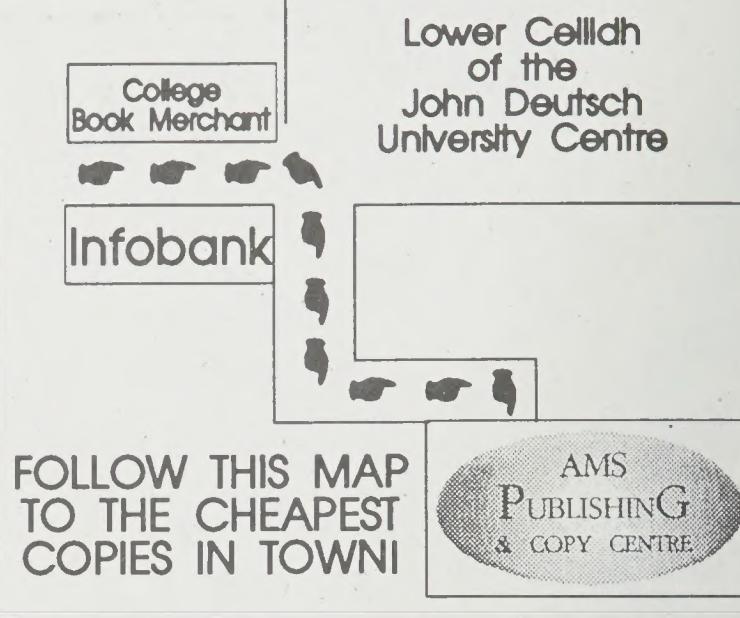
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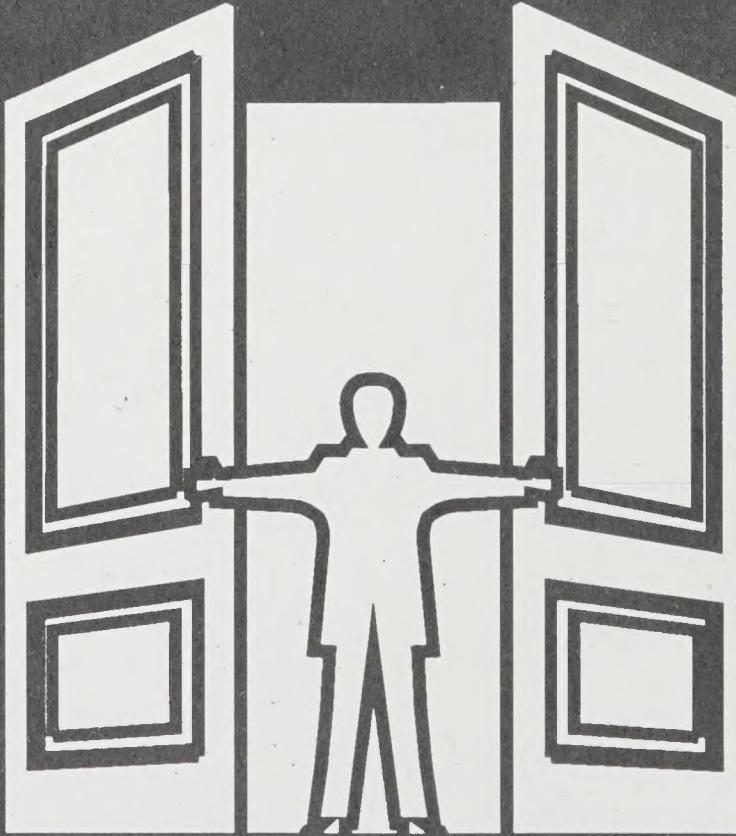
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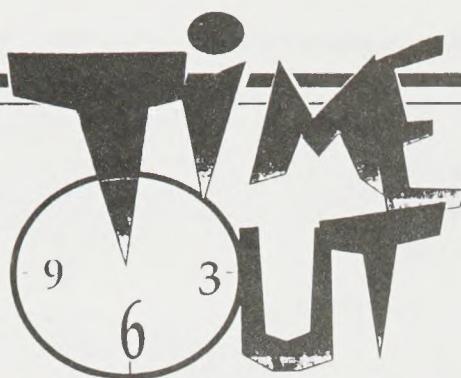
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Editorial

If you looked closely at our cover, you may have noticed a change in our masthead. More significant than the makeover, however, is the change in our billing. No longer dubbed *The Magazine of Queen's University*, *Time Out* is now self-identified as *The Lifestyle Magazine*.

There is always a risk in imposing a specific label on a publication. Billing *Time Out* as a lifestyle magazine provides the mandate that it will deal with matters pertaining to lifestyles. But what, exactly, constitutes a *lifestyle issue*? Since there are as many of these as there are readers, no magazine can may realize a lifestyle mandate in the fullest sense of the word. Represented instead are issues determined as appropriate by the magazine staff, creating a discrepancy between what constitutes a suitable topic to *us* and what is deemed acceptable to a member of the viewing public.

One must thus determine to what extent a publication must strive to accomplish its particular mandate. Does an editor have the right to determine content as he or she deems fit, or must a magazine conform to the expectations of its readership? Similarly, is a magazine free to target its own audience by its chosen presentation of materials, or must it comply with constraints imposed by a readership that already exists?

The October 24 issue of *Surface* provides a striking example of this dilemma. The description of Jesus as a "flaming faggot" in *A Message From The Queen* has been deemed highly offensive by several readers, while others have excused the con-

tent as a mere manifestation of discontent in a publication which is already perceived by many to be radical.

However, in spite of content, *Surface* remains the Arts and Science newspaper. And clearly, the content of the October 24 issue was not representative of the points of view of the Faculty of Arts and Science -- some members, certainly, but definitely not all. This is not to say that a poem of this nature should never have been published, but rather that it is perhaps inappropriate in a publication billing itself as the representative voice of a differently-opinionated body.

Still, to generate interest in any publication, it is necessary to take some editorial risks, even when those risks have the potential to offend some readers. To remain always within the guidelines of what is safe and acceptable not only stifles creativity, but is also irresponsible in its failure to question issues which have been blindly accepted as mainstream, and should be challenged.

No single publication can ever fully speak for the entire body it strives to represent. And a billing as all-encompassing as *The Lifestyle Magazine* makes a narrow interpretation of that label all the more glaring. Efforts must thus be made to represent those who do not fit into the mainstream. And in an attempt to provide a medium which is truly representative, one occasionally runs the risk of offending some, but that's a risk you have to take.



HE SMILED. SHE SMILED AS I PASSED HER — JUST AS I passed her. And it was me she was smiling at — no one else on Bagot could have been close enough to swerve into that chuckle. Because it was more of a chuckle than the kind of smile which might be saying “I know you’re in my 275 class,” or “nice use of accessories, and kind of cute too.” No. It was pointed, an ambush, an oblique grin slapping me into stupidity. There was knowledge in her slanted glee, something at my expense.

But I can't place her. For all my mental rummaging over the next block, her face is nowhere in the attic. Dammit. I hate this. Now I'm going to start reeling down a spiral of insecurity, because from somewhere, or more likely *from someone*, she has acquired an entertaining article of my past. Right now, she's recalling some social belly-flop that I once performed, and have probably managed to block out of my memory. She's part of that anonymous audience which remembers those moments of burlesque I offer without trying. But there's no curtain, and no goddamn hook.

I know this kind of theatre well because I've seen it many times myself, especially at Queen's. It really is quite amazing what you learn around a community like ours — pieces of gossip attached to people you don't know, but quickly know *of*.

Residence is a wonderful training arena for gossip hackers because Leonard cafeteria is just a social observation deck with a salad bar. The aisles are runways for the unsuspecting schlep. As *he* carries his tray with keen grins of mass-hello past every table, some sabre-tooth is recounting how *his* girlfriend moaned someone else's name. And he'll sit somewhere a few rows over, gleefully stuffing his baseball-capped head, while a whole table deconstructs his ego with forks.

“Back in the ghetto, the pink ribbons on the bedposts didn’t go unnoticed by those ubiquitous housemates...”

I've still never actually met the guy.

So I'm worried. Knowing that I'm batting in a league of faceless pitchers who will bean you in the groin (while you're still in the dugout), I'm worried.

Campus gab is a problem of too many witnesses. Think about it —there are twelve thousand people between the ages of 18 and 24 living within thirty blocks of each other. Thirty *active* blocks. And with five pairs of eyes and ears at every ghetto crack and keyhole, the only thing left that's private is the rank of the RMC cadet who's schtutting in the room across the hall. And even *that* poor bastard isn't safe. Of course you'd think that because his educational habitat is that quiet peninsula removed from University and Union, he'd be exempt from Quiet Pub blabber, but he ain't. Some guilty bystander from the Queen's ghetto house he was visiting will be walking down Princess with a friend and spot this guy in his bell-hop uniform. With a sly lean, the housemate will recall the night when an empty cot at the RMC barracks meant a crowded futon across the hall.

☞ turn the page

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My covert operations have never been *that* interesting...

At this point, I realize that the construction of my identity is a large joint venture -- and not a small business kept in the family, but a public-traded syndicate whose equity is spread as thin as IBM's. We go about life thinking that each of us is the exclusive shareholder of our own image, but I'm starting to wonder if I

and a smile, at the interview. (However, he didn't anticipate a major service charge which would empty his account.)

Back in the ghetto, the pink ribbons on the bedposts didn't go unnoticed by those ubiquitous housemates. With only a few guesses, they knotted the applicants identity more tightly than the strings. Everything in the house was all gig-

safe, because no one is innocent. And with all the yapping social nomads around, I appreciate the Mafia proverb that *anyone can be hit*.

But the worst part is the legacy -- it lasts forever. For the rest of her life, this woman I just passed will remember me for whatever deed amused her. This one humiliating footnote of my existence is the only point of reference she carries with her



even have controlling interest. So many people could possess so many isolated details of my life without knowing the appropriate context. Or they actually *might* know the appropriate context. Either way I'm condemned.

Condemned like that guy a couple of years ago. This schmuck thought he had tied up a waitstaff job at a certain local pub, because a month before the interview, one of the managers had tied *him* up -- to her bedposts. The night was jolly fun for all, and the guy applying for the waitstaff job figured his subservience was worth a deposit in the manager's favour bank. He'd withdraw the amount, along with a wink

gles and blushes, until the manager was seen emerging from a downtown clinic. The interview was very positive, but so was the swab test. No waitstaff job was offered, to the guy's extreme astonishment. Why was he turned down? As far as he could see, there were no symptoms for this rejection. Out of resentment, he never spoke to the manager again, and out of stinging embarrassment, she always avoided him. To this day, the pub staff knows more about his asymptomatic problem than he does.

So who *does* this chuckling person know? I take inventory of my closet, and wish it was full of mere skeletons with tongues of dust, and not active, yammering survivors. No one here is

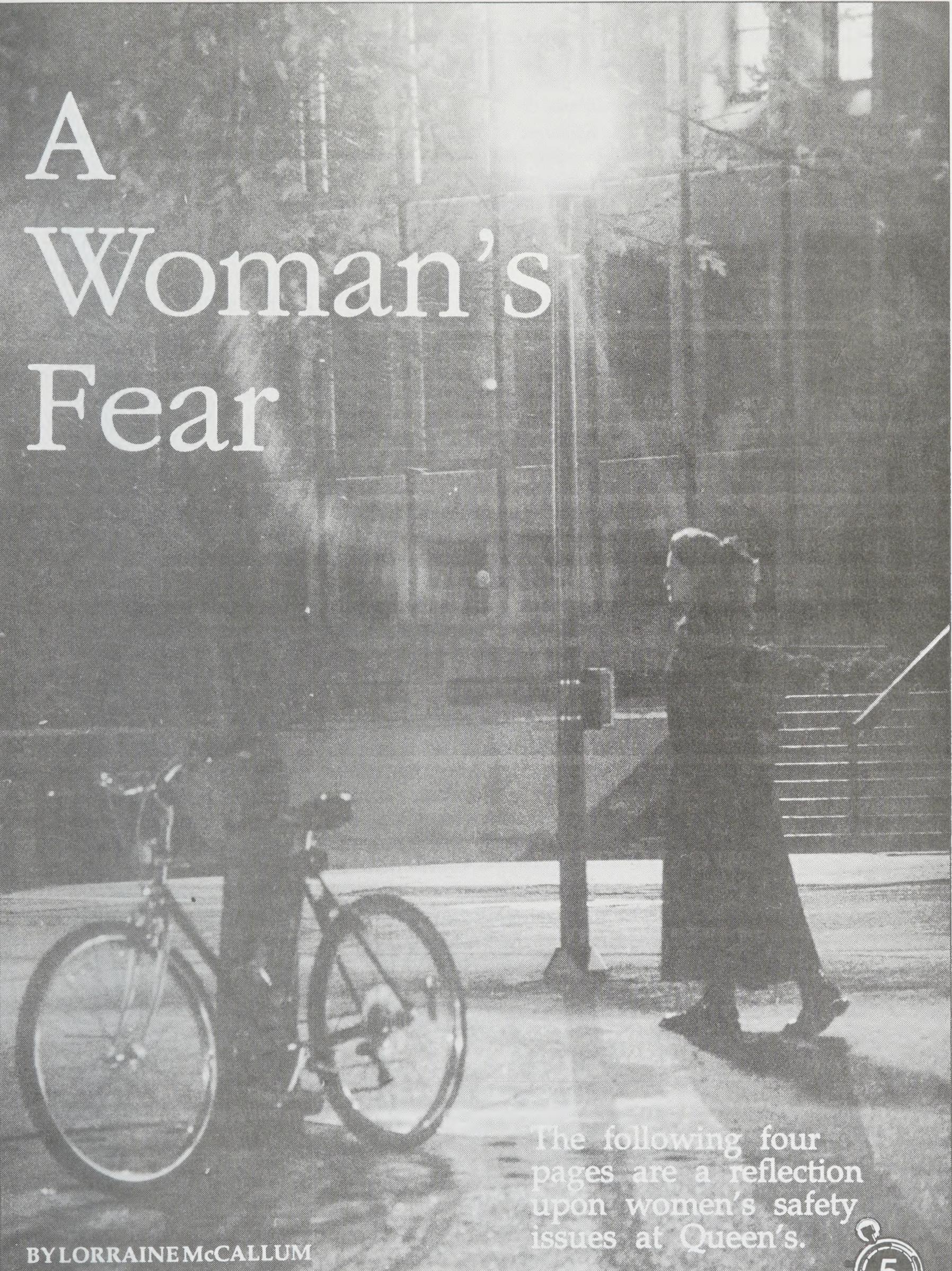
about me. At some reunion, forty years from now, she'll spot me eating a hot dog at Richardson, crack that same acerbic smile and say to her husband, "*You see that guy with the hot dog? When he was in third year...*"

And I can't defend myself, or even lie, and deny that it happened. ▲

All resemblances to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Paul Pellizzari is a 4th year English major who sometimes has a difficult time discerning between the rumour mill and his own overactive imagination.

A Woman's Fear



The following four pages are a reflection upon women's safety issues at Queen's.

BY LORRAINE McCALLUM

These could be the words of any woman student. She could be sitting in front of you in class, or walking down University Avenue, or buying a muffin in the Sidewalk Cafe. As a woman, she experiences Queen's differently than most men do. Certain spaces on campus, certain situations make her uncomfortable in a way that is difficult for most men to understand.

Fear operates differently in all women's lives, so that not all women will speak of being afraid, and some will feel fear at different points in their lives. A woman may feel fear at Queen's, whereas she was not conscious of it before, or vice-versa.

The reality is that all women live with the threat of sexual assault. In Canada, one in four women will be sexually assaulted at some time in her life.

"A lot of people know me because I've been high profile on campus, and sometimes guys I don't know will say things to me, sometimes friendly, but also sometimes smart remarks. They obviously know who I am, and what my name is. It scares me sometimes; I've never felt as insecure on campus as I do now."

It is likely that most of the men to which this woman is referring probably have no idea that their actions are menacing to her in any way. Perhaps some of them would like her to know that they dislike her politics. But for the most part, they do not suspect her fear because *they do not have to*. Unless men make

a concerted effort to sympathize with women, they have no inkling of the fear that might be present in a woman's life.

Incidents of sexual assault and harassment that could be brushed off as unpleasant but not serious by some women can evoke deeply disturbing responses in others. For a previously

victimized woman, for example, walking past a group of men who say things can trigger — consciously or not — painful and frightening memories of the way an abuser may have looked or talked years ago.¹

Sometimes women try to make a women's only space for themselves, whether it is a woman's centre, a woman-only march such as *Take Back*

the Night, or a women's-only discussion of their personal safety concerns on campus. This is not a private-club mentality. It is a rejection of those who have hurt women most and caused them the most fear. Even when a group of women are not afraid of a particular man, that man changes the dynamics of the group merely by virtue of his power as a man. Women need the opportunity to find their own ground independent of men, and it would be helpful to have that need respected by men, even if they do not understand it.

"I find that I feel 'punished' for being a woman student. 'Punished' is not the right word, but I feel that because I am a woman I am limited in what I can get accomplished academically, because I'm afraid to be in the computer room at night, or

to study in the library alone, or in the lab."

Women students may be hesitant to say that they are afraid, because in a competitive society like Queen's, it could be interpreted as an admission that they are not able to succeed at university. Many times we trivialize these feelings of fear, calling ourselves paranoid. It is a relief, and somewhat revealing to know how many other women feel the same way.

As women, we have what could be called a coping mechanism for the fear that is present in our day-to-day activities. Rather than being constantly aware of our fear, we 'normalize' these feelings. We incorporate strategies into our lives so that we protect ourselves without even being aware of the fact that we have devised strategies at all. These strategies comprise everything from holding keys in our hands as we walk down the street to making sure that we leave the lights on at home in anticipation of our return, to having someone pick us up when from campus, to not even going out alone at night at all.

If a woman is afraid to go to the library to pick up a reserve reading at 10 pm, or to go to her lab alone, or to finish her essay on the computer at Jeffery, then she is limited in her ability to live a full student life. By the same token, if women faculty members are uncomfortable with being in their department alone, or even walking to the parking lot at 5 pm in the winter when it's dark, then their needs are being compromised. This is far from being an accessible educational or working situation.

For any male on campus, and any member of the administration who thinks that women have achieved a status of equality at Queen's, my point is simply this: we will not be fully equal until women can work and live without fear.

**"The one thing
I would like
all men to
know is that
I am afraid;
I am always
afraid!"**

"I always walk home alone. Usually I don't feel comfortable doing it, but I get angry that I shouldn't be able to do it just because I'm a woman. Probably if I was ever assaulted, some of my friends would think it was partially my own fault. But it's not my responsibility, it's not my fault that women walking alone might get assaulted. I refuse to let it restrict my freedom."

"I get so angry that I can't go for a jog alone."

The woman who walks alone at night is not stupid or reckless. She is merely attempting to reclaim some autonomy, and to make some space for herself as an independent in a world that doesn't offer security to a woman alone. And let's face it: there's no point in telling a woman that she should *never* walk alone, because there will always be times when she will have no other option available. It might not be prudent, but it is reality.

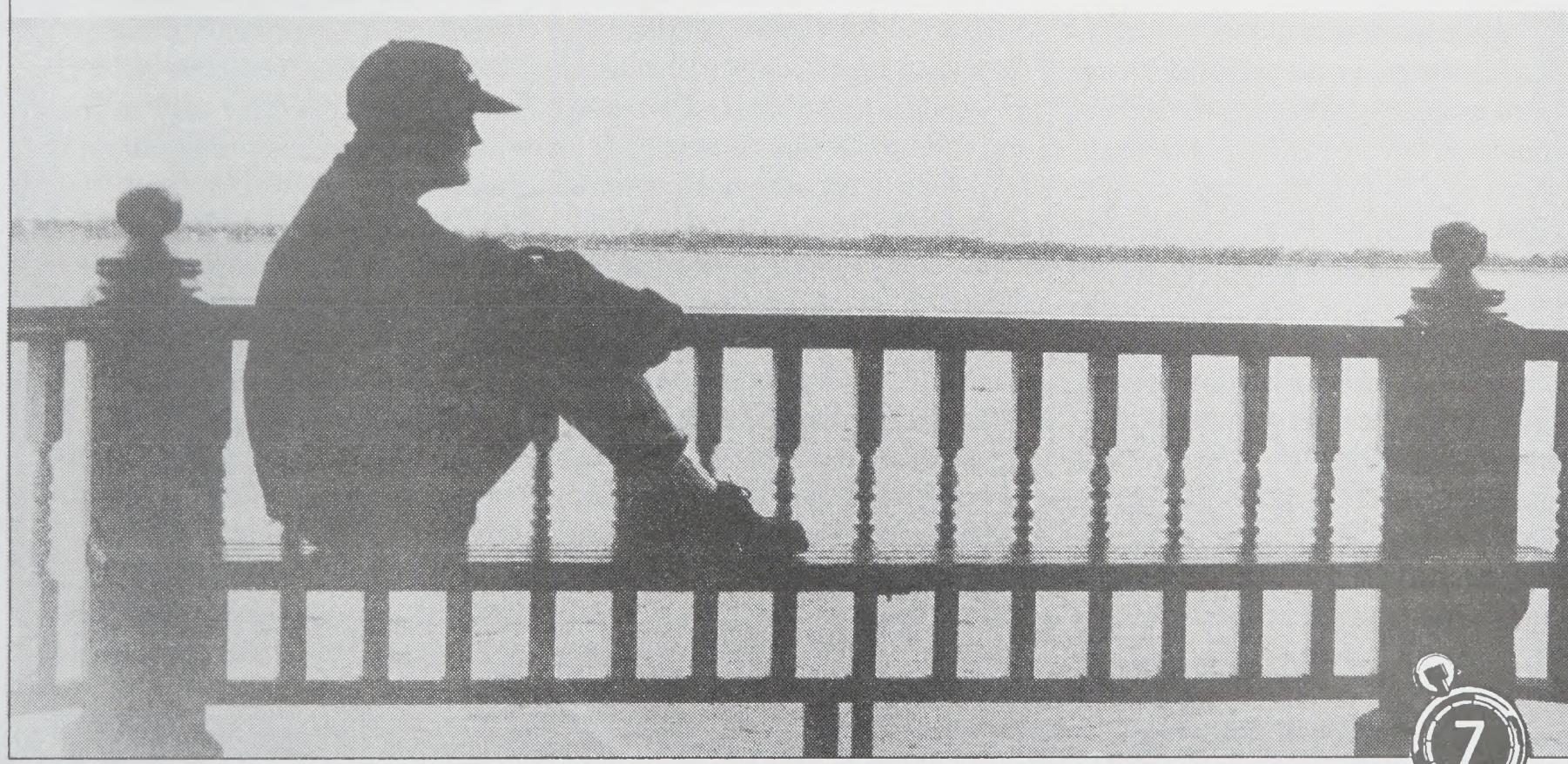
The point of this article and similar projects is not to alarm women or to make them feel that they should be afraid. It is rather to make public and visible what are very common feelings among women, and thus to reaffirm them. We are not paranoid; we are trying to survive in a world that is often hostile and harmful to us.

"I think that men at Queen's know that if they were to do something like assault a woman on campus, chances are that they will find themselves in front of the Judicial committee or be faced with some other mechanism that exists at Queen's. But I work downtown, and I am appalled at the kinds of things Queen's guys will say to me. Somehow, because I'm their waitress and we're not on campus, they [feel they] can get away with it. I think men at Queen's should realize that it's not just about learning how to treat women at Queen's, it's about learning how to treat women on planet earth."

▲

All quotes in this article are the words of participants in a women-only discussion group of *Women's Personal Safety Concerns at Queen's*, and are used with their permission.

Footnote: 1: [Moving forward, Making Transit Safer for Women: A Joint Study of Security on the Rapid Transit System Relative to Sexual Assaults](#), conducted by the Toronto Transit system, METRAC, and the Metropolitan Toronto Police Force, page 18.



Last night I dreamt that I walked down the hall of a campus building towards the women's washroom, and as I turned the corner, I saw a man walking down the same hallway. He smiled, like he was happy to see me. And then he walked into the washroom and grabbed me. I tried to scream, but I couldn't. I tried to fight him off, but I couldn't seem to move. It happened so quickly that he had me immobile in seconds, and I realized that he was going to rape me. Terrified, I woke up.

I suppose this dream was a sign of the anxiety I have about public washrooms. I had never considered physical space as a factor that contributes to personal safety until an incident that occurred several years ago on campus. I was in a washroom and someone turned out the light, leaving the room in complete darkness. As it turned out, it was probably just a woman who had absentmindedly turned out the light as she left, but I did not know that at the time. I spent several seconds of sheer terror wondering if someone was waiting for me near the door. Regardless, I had no choice but to grope my way back to the door, where the light switch was, and hope that no one was there. I had never realized

how vulnerable I was in a public washroom. And I haven't forgotten since.

A simple thing such as having another light switch in the room or a switch that can only be turned off with a key would prevent such vulnerability. Other things such as locating washrooms in less isolated places would help, too.

The Women's Personal Safety Audit that took place at Queen's this summer sought to gather exactly this kind of space by taking into account how comfortable a woman feels in that space. If she feels uncomfortable, the audit tries to determine why. A commonly identified feature that contributes to a woman's feeling of discomfort was isolation, but isolation can be the result

of many things — how many people are around, lack of phones, how well someone could hear if you called for help, if there is a constant loud noise, and so on.

The audit process does an unusual thing — it asks women how they feel, and bases its data on that. In doing so, it validates a woman's experiences, emphasizing that these feelings are legitimate and should be taken seriously. The audit works because it recognizes that women are experts on

avoiding sexual assault:

Women work hard to avoid sexual assault. They pursue hundreds of strategies — everything from varying their walking, jogging or biking routes to thoroughly investigating potential employers and dates. Women young and old don't talk to strangers or reveal that they live alone.²

These strategies often become so much a part of women's lives that they are often not considered strategies at all. The audit seeks to bring this out and teaches women to evaluate their environment in terms of personal safety.

The Safety Audit process was developed by METRAC (Metro Action Committee on Public Violence Against Women and Children), and was used to do an extensive re-evaluation of the subway system in Toronto. Queen's is the first university in Ontario to conduct a process such as this.

That members of the university administration initiated and committed funds for this project indicates that some of it gives them a forum for expressing their concerns and a concrete and productive way to incorporate them into the university agenda.

Hopefully this administration will take these concerns seriously, and make a commitment to the well-being of women, rather than merely putting in more lights and believing that the problem is effectively solved. The Women's Personal Safety Audit is the first significant step in a long process.

Footnote 2: Moving Forward, Making Transit Safer for Women: A Joint Study of Security on the Rapid transit System Relative to Sexual Assaults, conducted by the Toronto Transit System, METRAC, and the Metropolitan Toronto Police Force, page 17.

it ain't easy bein' green

By Brett House

Students and youth—us—we will be the ones directly affected by the mismanagement of our natural resources, unsustainable development, and the continued homocentric approach to the environment. This is the “turn-around decade.”

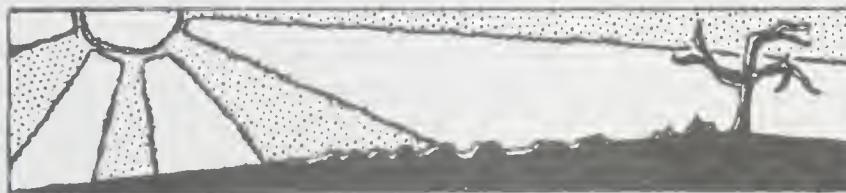
Queen's is home to many committed groups of individuals working on international development issues, environmental concerns, and social justice issues. Last year, one of these small groups dreamed about linking up students and youth from British Columbia to Newfoundland in an effort to develop a broad base of environmental activism. A web of committed individuals from across Canada could become a huge base of support, a voice that could no longer be ignored, a voice to agitate for change.

Currently based at Queen's, the Canadian Unified Student Environment Network/Étudiant(e)s canadien(ne)s unifie(e)s pour la défense de l'environnement (CUSEN/ECUDE) is a newly-formed national organization rapidly on its way to uniting youth in a broad-scale environmental movement.

CUSEN/ECUDE is a network committed to ending the exploitation of the environment and the people that the land supports. The national newsletter and modem-accessible electronic mail allow students and youth from all regions to hear about the successes and action of other youth.

This network concept is critical, because in a network, one doesn't have to choose between involvement on a community or global scale; one can do both. Action takes place at the local level. Student groups and individuals affiliated with CUSEN/ECUDE initiate projects in their own communities and then use the network to gain national attention, support, and empowerment from other students and youth who share their vision.

The second annual national conference will be held November 15-17 at the University of Waterloo,



and will serve as the main medium for members to organize nationwide activism, exchange ideas, and find ways to implement change in their own lives. Regional workshops are also taking place in February to bring together youth in solidarity for action on local and regional environmental issues.

Many student developments are already taking shape. An international day of protest against the James Bay II project, to be held November 27, is being initiated, and efforts are also underway to create an Environmental Resource Centre and an “environmental hotline” to provide both a clearing house and response centre for materials environmental concerns. CUSEN/ECUDE also plans to publish an environmental audit instruction booklet for schools and

businesses, which will lead people to question not only the use of the physical environment, but also the content and structure of our learning environment. A national campaign for students to purchase and preserve land in Canada is also being started, while both here and in Vancouver, students are organizing a protest at the United Nations in March in order to influence the decisions of the last governmental meeting of the UN Conference on Environment and Development. The possibilities are limitless.

This is the “turn-around decade”, the last ten years to avoid irreversible environmental collapse. The voice of youth must be heard as our society

begins to reject our past approach to the environment and looks for new sustainable ways for humans to live in harmony with the natural world. So get involved!

Your planet is dying and you must do something about it! ▲

Anyone interested in networking nationally with youth on environmental issues or looking for national support for a project or issues in which they are involved is encouraged to attend CUSEN/ECUDE's weekly open meetings held at 10pm Monday evenings in the new Commons, 195 University Avenue.

Brett House is a 3rd year eco major.



Palace of Pigs

By Lynn Larson

My housemate wants to buy a pig. A real one - alive, I mean. He wants it as a house pet so that we can call our house "Porky's."

When I left Queen's last May, to the best of my knowledge I was living with four other perfectly sane human beings in the upcoming school year. My mistake, I guess. The theory that you can't really know a person until you live with them is proving itself to be quite true. The pig thing isn't really that bad, though. I'm hoping that we can wean him off the idea with a lot of lifelike pictures and some bacon.

Another thing that seems to have changed a lot since last May is the house that we chose to live in. "Chose" is the part that bothers me. "Were forced into," or "were held at gunpoint," or at least some form of cheap drug — these would all be plausible excuses, but *chose*??? As I walk down the hallways of my house I'm reminded somewhat of Alice in Wonderland. For one thing, all of the rooms seem to have changed size since I last saw them (especially my bedroom, affectionately known as "the hovel"). Let me give you the grand tour...

Close your eyes and picture a huge red brick monster with no apparent rhyme nor reason to its different shapes and its different shapes and angles. If you ring the doorbell (which people tend

only to do once), a sound similar to that of an air raid siren reverberates throughout the neighbourhood and neighbours on both sides open their doors to greet you. Walking a few steps down the hall is all you need to notice the downward slant of the floorboards. It's not your imagination. The house is sinking.

One thing most student tenants long for is a landlord who never calls or drops by. I have a landlord like that, and trust me, it has many downfalls. For example, if you notice a draft in the living room, don't bother going to close the window, because there isn't one. It was taken a couple of weeks ago to be repaired. The squirrels don't mind. In fact, they have made themselves

quite happy in our



humble home. One day I came home and two of them were sitting on the couch watching Oprah.

Just a few more amusing details — there is no hot water in the kitchen. The gas stove smells up the whole house and makes me very thankful that none of us smokes. The refrigerator doesn't fit in the kitchen, so it is conveniently located in another room. You can't stand up in the shower because the roof slants so much — you have to squat. You can't have more than one appliance going at once or you will blow a fuse. The television ariel makes a convenient ladder up to the living room window which, as I've already mentioned, doesn't exist. We figured that out when we found our next-door neighbour (otherwise known as the Son of Satan) sitting in front of candles on the floor. At least we don't have to worry about forgetting our keys!

I would like to thank all of my housemates for not just giving up and moving out — I think that you are all very brave and wonderful people. I would also like to say that when some of the ridiculously extravagant amount of rent that I am paying is actually used to make my house into a home as opposed to a danger zone, well, that's when I'll stop calling the student housing area "the ghetto".

Until that day
Porky's it is, because I guess there's no better place for a pig to live than a sty...

Boys FOR THE FANTASIES OF ADOLESCENT BOYS

A column written by Lorraine McCallum



J

his summer I gave in and taped some of Madonna's songs. Until this summer, I had refused to have anything to do with her on principle alone. It was a principle I formed the very first time I ever saw Madonna: she was rolling around the floor for the video of one of her songs – either "Lucky Star" or "Borderline" I think. She shocked and disgusted me, and from that moment onward I disliked her.

But Madonna did not go away. Her music was ever present, and in spite of myself I often found myself dancing to it at bars. She embedded herself into the pop culture of my generation. Her image, consistent only in its chameleonlike versatility, was increasingly in charge. She was always shocking us. And somewhere along the way I realized that I was fascinated by her.

What initially turned me off about Madonna was the way she set herself up to be viewed in only a sexual manner. Today my attitude about this kind of thing is softer than it was then, because while I do not like to see women in that position, for some, exploitation of that role is the only way they have to get ahead.

But this kind of image tends to have limitations and borders, allowing little freedom for those who use it. The interesting thing is that, instead of becoming limited in this scope, Madonna has flourished. She has succeeded because of the attention that this image has brought her, and in spite of the social binds that would normally keep her in the role of sex object. She emerged from this position as a woman with a strong personality, and the ability to alter her image at will.

Granted, although Madonna has succeeded in constantly redefining herself, her images have been consistently sexual. She has never stopped providing suitable fodder for the fantasies of adolescent boys. But she has toyed with and challenged our notions of sexuality, always shocking us and somehow managing to keep us fascinated year after year (which,

is no easy task). She has with many of the social constructs – whore, virgin, madonna – that women and keep us silent, and seems that she has emerged uncapable of playing an equally role tomorrow, and shattering the next day.

Whether you like Madonna or not, she what most of us would love to be simply, she has done exactly wanted to do, and has been at it.

eca West wrote in 1913: "I have never been able to find out what feminism is: I only know people call me a feminist whenever I express sentiments that differentiate me from the doormat." Certainly there is nothing Madonna that resembles a doormat. Madonna has taken the chains of society had intended to keep her submissive – most notably her oppressed sexual being – and turned them to her own advantage. She has taken the power over her own life into her hands.

ost significant problem with Madonna has done, however, is the implications her image has

Certainly
THERE IS
nothing
about
Madonna
that
sembles a
doormat

Madonna has created her own environment... where she is in control

created for other women. She has become an icon for our times, a standard of what it is to be a woman. How can we, in our day-to-day lives, be expected to live up to the Madonna we see on-stage – a woman who is undoubtably every bit as regular off-stage as the rest of us? A woman who, not that long ago, had little resemblance of today; she was an – albeit sexual – blonde who rarely exercised.

There is always something admirable about strong women, I find, and Madonna has transformed herself into a woman of strength, not just physically, but financially, and in terms of social influence. However, in transforming herself, she has given us impossible standards, and has left many of us feeling inadequate.

Madonna has created her own environment, an environment where *she* is in control. On her most recent concert tour, documented in *Truth or Dare*, we see a woman who is not only performing a concert, but who is in complete control of everyone and everything around her. Her control is epitomized by the most sexually explicit scene of the concert, where she engages in intense masturbation to the words of "Like a Virgin." The words of this song speak of feeling "incom-

plete... 'til I found you," but the message now is that Madonna has moved well beyond the need for anyone else to make her happy; she is fully capable of satisfying herself.

Madonna is in control of her environment and therefore free to wear what she pleases and act as she wants, and in that sense is a positive female model. But few of us as women have the privilege of that kind of control. The reality is that most of us are still constrained by the rules of society. So while Madonna is never endangered by her actions, most of us cannot follow her in this way without being endangered ourselves. If, for example, a woman dances like Madonna on the dance floor of Alfie's, the guys who notice her will likely draw several conclusions about her, although they have no basis in fact. And if one of these guys should go home with her, chances are that he will have certain expectations... expectations that make her vulnerable and can hurt her. While Madonna has given us new standards of sexuality, in the real world, these standards can be harmful to women in terms of self-esteem and sexual violence.

I approached this article from the perspective of being a woman in our society who has encountered Madonna, her images, and her music incidentally. In other words, I really did no actual research, apart from renting *Truth or Dare*. Up until that point, I had been very unsure about how I felt about Madonna, except to realize that she was a force I could not ignore any longer. I still have problems reconciling her actions with how they affect us. But she has undergone a lot on the way to being where she is today, and it has been anything but an easy trip. She is undeniably a scrapper, and has continually persevered.

This, I admire. ▲

Lorraine McCallum is a 3rd year Philosophy student.

a message...

Not from the Queen...

By Joe Mackinnon

Is the definition of *Surface*, to bring into view, or to bring into controversy? As of late, the latter may seem to be the more accurate description. Recent heated debates surrounding the Arts and Science newspaper go beyond specific criticisms of its content. Controversy about *Surface* is part of the larger polemic on the so-called Tyranny of the Politically Correct.

And what exactly is all the outcry about? Critics of *Surface* are calling the newspaper "a forum for hate literature." They cite the poem entitled *A Message from the Queen*, and the columns *Dyke: Out and About* and *Around the Town with the Woman of Brown* as hateful towards men, heterosexuals, and whites. These conservative critics compare these articles to ones which would criticize lesbians and gays, men of colour, women, and other marginalized groups. Before attempting to compare the effects of hate literature on different groups of people, we should first consider the origins and connotations of these various forms of hate.

Hatred of marginalized/disempowered groups (and their individual members) by homophobes, white supremacists and misogynists is rooted in both ignorance and the desire and ability to limit those groups. Racism, sexism and

homophobia breed hatred of people not by virtue of what they do (although this may be a pretence), but with respect to their relationship to what I call the Power

Groups. These Power Groups are comprised of whites, men, heterosexuals and people with economic privilege. The hatred of these Power Groups, expressed in some of the contents of *Surface*, is derived from resentment of historical and continued injustice and a real sense of fear for personal safety.

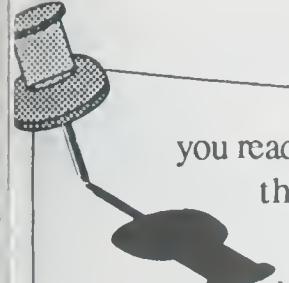
'...assertions that discrimination against whites, men and heterosexuals are real problems of social injustice are ludicrous...'

Many think that the term "hate literature" applies equally to works condemning privileged and marginalized groups. In Canada, hate laws prohibit any sort of public statement that incites hatred against an identifiable group, especially if it causes a disturbance of the peace. The four categories of identifiable groups include colour, race, ethnic origin and religion. (Incidentally, the term "identifiable group" does not include lesbians and gays.) Hate literature therefore constitutes that which is extremely virulent and malicious toward a particular group to the extent that individual members of this group actually experience fear for their personal safety. To experience this profound type of fear necessitates being positioned in society such that one could conceivably be threatened and have little recourse to means of self-protection.

Consider the poem *A Message From the Queen*. Some people on campus are questioning the author's right to be so anti-heterosexual and/or anti-Christian. This satirical poem cleverly criticizes Christianity for its organized intolerance of lesbians and gays by claiming that Christ was a gay man. Some Christians at Queen's have said they felt offended that Christ was portrayed as a sexual being. Many of the letters of complaint, however, made specific reference to the line in the poem, "that jesus was a flaming faggot/who sucked the cocks of all his disciples." It therefore seems logical to contend that it is not the depiction of Christ as a sexual man that has offended, but the fact that he was described as engaging in *homosexual* acts.

Not only is Christianity a religion that has a history of persecuting lesbians and gays, but it is also one that is powerful enough to continue to propagate hatred against them. In practical terms then, the power and influence of the Christian faith ensures that criticisms of Christianity are not realistic threats to this religion's hegemony. In other words, if this was a critique of a non-Christian it would exact more harm since any other religion has much less influence than Christianity does in Western culture.

Acknowledgement of the inherent power structure of our society is crucial to a logical judgement of the difference between acceptable and non-acceptable generalizations. To illustrate this point, I suggest that heterosexual men who read this poem should ask themselves: After



you read that poem did you feel that your life was threatened in any way? Did you feel that you would have to be escorted home at night for fear that a bunch of gay men would bash you? Did your sense of fear based on centuries of oppression of heterosexual males finally motivate you to build a straight men's shelter so you could have a safe space to sit around and discuss the trauma of being heterosexual in this society?

By now it should be abundantly clear that reverse discrimination is a fallacious assertion. In fact, assertions that discrimination against whites, men and heterosexuals are real problems of social injustice are ludicrous. These reverse forms of oppression are myths that ignore power dynamics in our society that privilege some at the expense of others.

Campus critics are quick to condemn the poem's author(s) for not using his/their real names. Considering that lesbians and gays have to fight for the right to hold hands in public without fear of attack, it is laughable to either question the need for anonymity or to suggest that they have the power to dissemble the institution of Christianity.

A recent *Journal* editorial entitled "Manipulating media" referred to *Surface*, stating that "when you [*Surface*] insist on treading that ever-shifting line, you run the risk of falling off, and onto the wrong side of acceptability." Whose acceptability? *Surface* has never pretended to espouse the values of "objective

journalism" which the *Queen's Journal* holds. Hence, it need neither face public condemnation nor admit its mistakes, as the *Journal* claims it should.

Now, someone has decided that the best way to deal with *Surface* is to terrorize the women on the editorial board with a death and rape threat. Some, in a classic "blame the victim" move, would argue that the

"Those striving to maintain the status quo demand that marginalized people 'solve their problems our way, at our pace and in our language."

women deserve this, given that they choose to print the poem.

The women at *Surface* now find themselves faced with a profound challenge to their freedom of movement. During the summer, an English professor at Queen's was allegedly threatened with the removal of his testicles. The entire English department was closed and given a 24-hour security guard watch and the professor's home was also provided with protection. How long will "increased" protection be available for the women at *Surface*? The Kingston police force have given the women little attention and Queen's administration has not given *Surface* a security officer on press nights. One would guess you have to have your testicles threatened to claim a legitimate need for security on this

campus.

Many people argue that hatred does not solve hatred, that the progressive movement is becoming more and more hateful. These "tactics" used by *Surface* won't get them anywhere, liberals claim. Those striving to maintain the status quo demand that marginalized people "solve their problems our way, at our pace and in our language." These so called "bad" tactics are ones that threaten the power structure the most and therefore are the most effective. This is not saying that people want to use these "bad" tactics. In fact, they realize the incredible danger to their person which often accompanies use of these so-called bad tactics. Rather, these methods present themselves as the last resorts available to those who have tried in vain to advocate for human rights through "proper" (read: bureaucratic) channels.

But society does not listen to "good" tactics. "Good" tactics are essentially those which do not threaten the privilege of various power groups, and therefore are rendered ineffectual. Society cannot help but listen to anger. As Black activist Jamaica Kincaid states in her novel *A Small Place*, "Of course, I now see that good behaviour is the proper posture of the weak, of children." The writers at *Surface* have legitimately expressed their anger through their work, and have the right to own that anger caused by social injustices. For if they are not voicing their anger, they are falling into the role prescribed by their oppressors. ▲

... but to Queen's.





is for coping

Rain! Another grey, cold, wet, windy day of rain," grumbles Carey as she wades furiously through her closet in search of her rubber ducky boots. No one ever mentioned during the campus tour on a bright summer day that from October onward Kingston would be drenched in rain. But it's raining. And Carey cannot find her boots.

Staring blankly at the mess inside her closet, Carey's teeth begin to grind together as she begins to go over the list of other frustrating chores for the week ahead: Two biology assignments. A french dictation. That English Essay. Phone Bill. Laundry. It seems impossible that it will all get done.

Overwhelmed, Carey wants to go home, wishes she had never come to University. Maybe she doesn't really belong here. Carey reminds herself that it is the middle of October and she should finally be settled and happy with her new life at university – but she is not.

Carey's situation is not an uncommon one. According to Queen's University Chaplain Rev. Brian Yealand, "when reflecting upon their move to university, many students find themselves admitting something just doesn't seem right."

Among first-year students, there exists a notion that the survival of Frosh Week is a guarantee of a happy and distress-free university life. While it is true that the sounds of the constant Oil Thighs have long since faded, the complications of coping with a new life at university

"Even those with the most patient and tolerant personalities find it difficult to share their space with someone they do not like."

persist.

To classify all first-year students in this unsettled category would be misleading. Many new students do not find their university experience to be especially disruptive, and feel that it is nothing they cannot handle. But, for others, the problems of dealing with university life disrupts their everyday activities.

The problems encountered by first-year students cover a very broad spectrum. Anything from a nosy roommate to the shortening of daylight hours in the fall may prove to be disturbing. Typical stress-causing areas include the social, academic and the personal.

Socially, there are a number of different situations which may prove difficult for a frosh to handle. One of the biggest concerns is whether he or she will have difficulty making new friends. According to Dr. Chuck Vetere, a psychologist at Queen's Counselling Services, "being ac-

cepted socially is very important to young adults." For many, this acceptance may be an easy process. Some may have come to university with many of their high school friends, while others simply find it easy to introduce themselves to others. For others, this acceptance may not be so easily attainable and may ultimately prove to make university a somewhat unpleasant experience.

Residence, for those students living away from home, often becomes the centre of their social activities. But within residence itself, there are a number of factors which may be difficult to deal with. One obvious problem is that of a roommate. Sometimes there may be a conflict in personalities or in daily habits that simply prevents a computer-matched pair from becoming friends. Even those with the most patient and tolerant personalities find it difficult to share their space with someone whom they do not like. In an effort to avoid the offending party, the student may find him or herself spending more and more time away from residence. In doing so, the student loses that sense of a "home base" that residence is meant to provide.

"Learning to live with other people is probably the greatest adjustment a student must make," according to Don Ferris, a Don at Brockington House. While Ferris admits that this task is often difficult, he stresses that many great friendships and support groups are formed in residence, making it a "very positive experience."

Long-distance relationships can also prove problematic. Many students living away from home become extremely lonely and miss their old friendships. A frosh may have a boyfriend or girlfriend from whom they have been separated. These long-distance relationships can cause a variety of problems. A student may find him/herself experiencing an

array of emotions ranging from loneliness to jealousy, to doubtfulness about the quality of the relationship. Often a student will miss a partner so much that he or she spends most weekends at home. This may lead to yet another source of stress as frequent absences makes it difficult to cement friendships at Queen's.

For those who have adjusted to the social scene, the new-found freedom of living away from home for the first time and surrounded by 17-19 year-olds can also be a problem first-year students have difficulty coping with. Within the social environment of residence, many newly independent students find the constantly available social opportunities to be an overly great temptation. Seeing the results of this reflected in their grades can be

quite frustrating to students who have a hard time saying "no" in the fear that they may miss out on something.

This, of course, leads to the problem of academics. The first shock a frosh tends to encounter is "the volume of material and the pace at which he or she has to learn it," says

school now find that the same quality work is not meeting the degree of recognition they once knew. The feelings of failure may lead to a loss of self-esteem.

In addition to academic crises, perhaps one of the greatest pressures a frosh feels is in dealing with finances (or lack thereof). Although a frosh may have saved enough money through summer

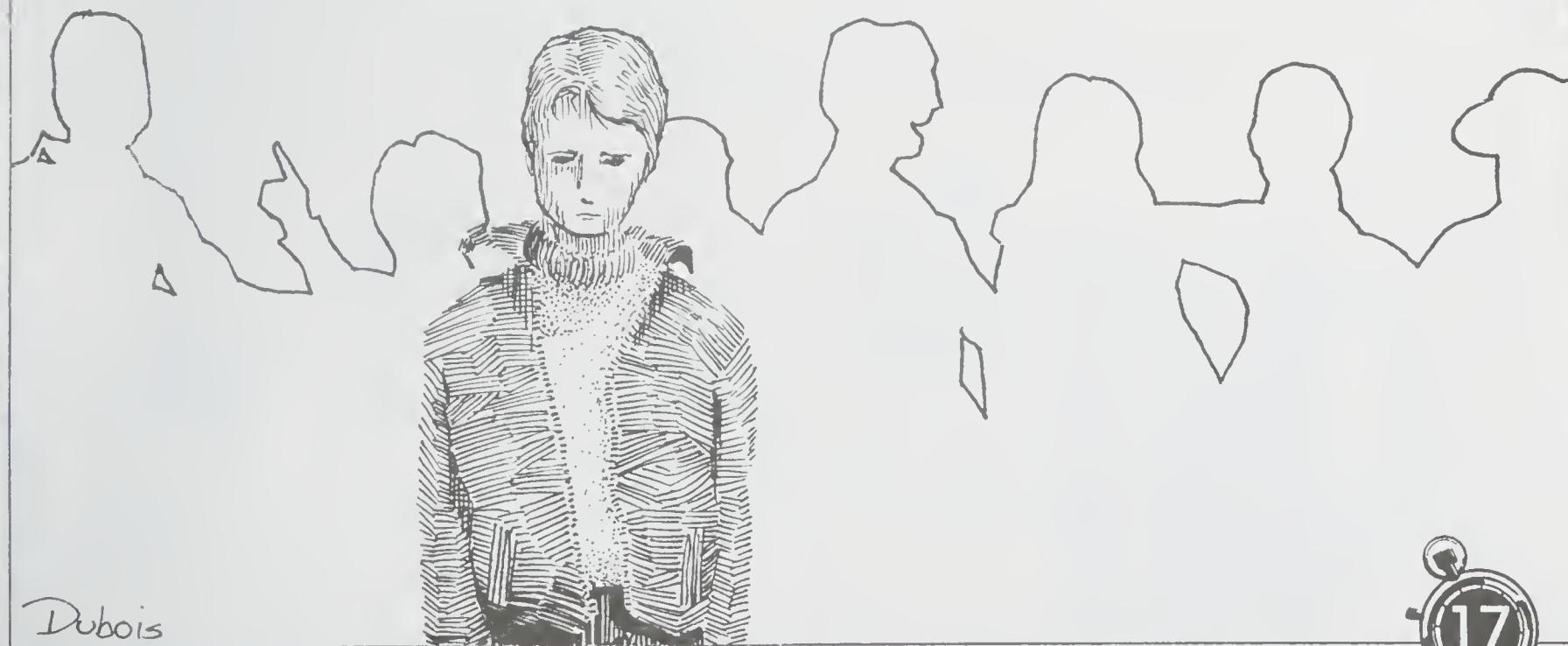
jobs to cover university fees, the real difficulty may arise when the student realizes the buck doesn't stop there. During their first year at university, students may feel a social pressure to have the "right" material things such as expensive clothing and possessions. While all their roommates are dining out on Sunday night, many frosh may feel uncomfortable admitting they really can't afford another expensive night out, and spend the money anyway. Other social centres such as pubs might be fun, but also expensive, and if the alternative to spending money in a bar is staying home alone, students will often spend money they don't have.

Similarly, finances may become an issue for students attending university strictly on the money they may have

"THE BOTTOM LINE: there are inevitable stresses in university."

Dr. Vetere. Students come from their high schools with a system of studying that is comfortable to them, and then suddenly realize that what may have worked before is no longer satisfactory. This may ultimately lead to a feeling of low self-esteem and unhappiness, as students question whether they are ready to deal with the amount of work university requires.

Even with adequate study habits, there remains the "MID-TERM CRISIS." (This is the time of year when you look at the leaves falling and then realize that your grades are doing the exact same thing.) For most Queen's students, the receipt of low grades comes as an unfamiliar shock. Many who were once comfortable sitting at the top of their classes in high



received through a scholarship. The extra academic pressure of maintaining a scholarship is something that many first year students may have difficulty with. The fear of letting down parents, the school, or themselves can create an enormous amount of stress.

Realistically, most students will be subjected to one or all of these stresses during the course of their first year, said Vetere. Added Vetere, "any change in behaviour" might be a sign that a student is having difficulty coping. If an outgoing roommate suddenly becomes withdrawn or edgy, this may be an indication of a coping problem. Likewise, one should be on the lookout for excessive drinking. An individual who drinks o

during the week and on weekends may be trying to escape from a reality he or she cannot handle. "The bottom line," says Dr. Vetere, is that "there are inevitable stresses in university. The thing to remember is that you are not alone in what you are feeling." There are a number of resources on and around campus that are designed to help students deal with stress. Often a student thinks that he or she needs a major crisis to justify a visit to a counsellor. Vetere emphasizes that these services are not merely for those experiencing a massive crisis, but for those with seemingly "normal" problems as well.

University is a big move, and a time of many decisions. Feeling overwhelmed by questions and fears is

nothing to be ashamed of and talking about your difficulties may be an amazing relief. Adds Rev. Yealland, "Students should remember that these feelings are going to pass once they fall into a pattern of familiarity," he stresses.

So if your roommate won't stop snoring and your english essay is due, and the bank account is running low, take a deep breath, and remember you're not alone, and help is available. ▲

Sharon Wilson is a 1st year English student and now has authorship as an added source of stress.

For Your Information

The following are some of the counselling services available at to students at Queen's:

Awards Office:

Financial Counsellors are available to provide assistance in planning a budget or in the general handling of money. 131 Union St. 545-2216

Dean of Women:

This office offers informal academic and personal counselling and referrals to appropriate services. Private and Confidential. D217 MacIntosh Corry Hall. 545-2533

International Centre:

Provides counselling to international students who need assistance. Canadian students are also welcome. John Deutsch University Centre. 545-2604

Telephone Aid Line Kingston:

A distress information and befriending line, and communication base for other community services. 544-1771

Lesbian & Gay Phone Line:

Phone Counsellors provide guidance to those wanting information about their own sexuality in a homophobic society or for help in dealing with the sexuality of a friend or loved one. Regular hours with message at other times. 51 Queen's Crescent. 545-2960

Queen's Counselling:

Provides professional and confidential personal, educational and career/vocational counselling. 32 Queen's Crescent. 545-2893

Student Health:

Psychiatric Counselling is available. No referral needed. Call 545-2507 for an appointment.

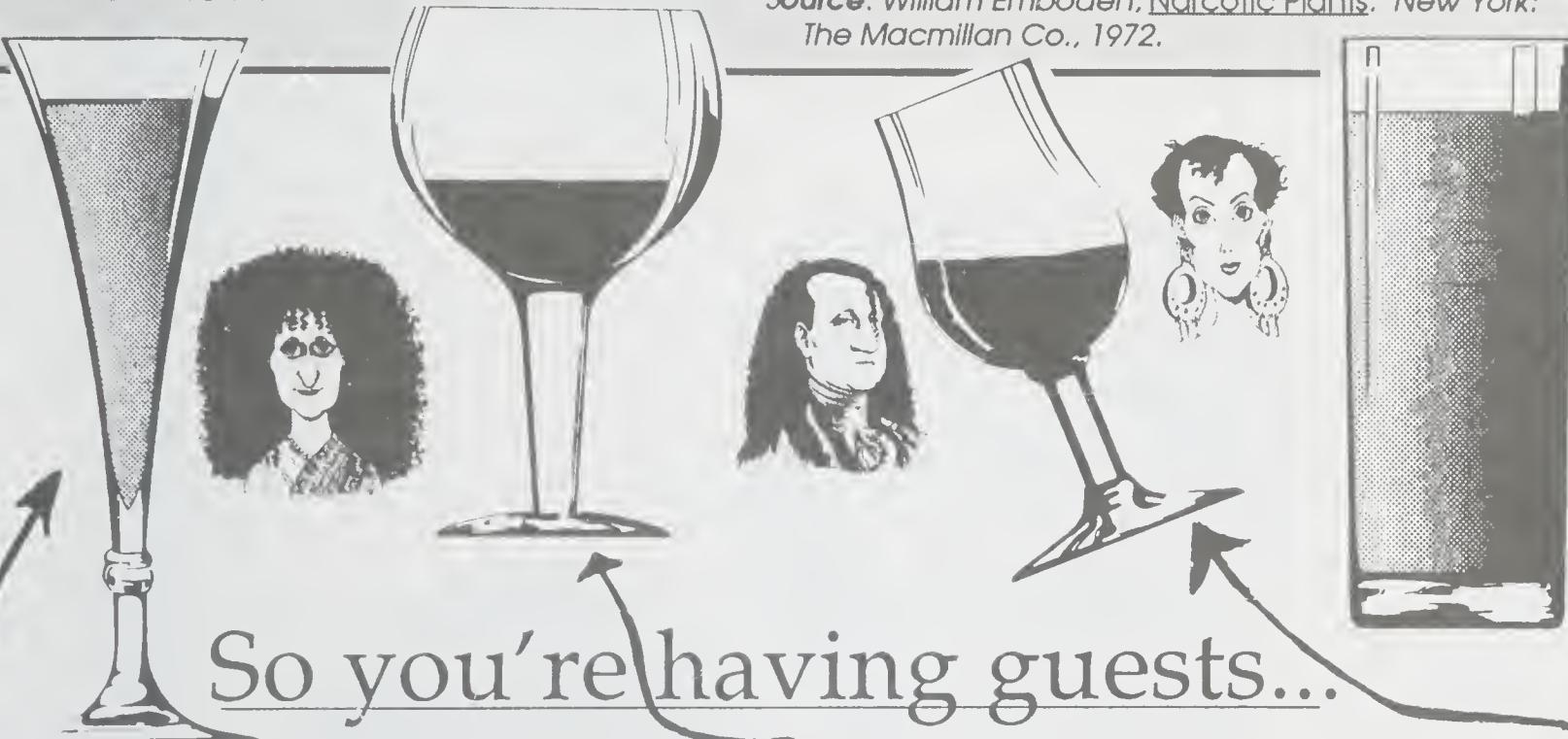
University Chaplain:

Serves as a confidant and advisor. Provides personal and confidential services to the entire Queen's community. 545-2186.

What's your drink made from?

1. Agave — *tequila*
2. Apple — *cider*
3. Barley — *ale; porter; stout*
4. Corn — *whiskey, gin*
5. Grapes — *wine; brandy*
6. Hops — *ale; stout; weiss* (Germany)
7. Millet — *pombe* (Africa)
8. Potato — *vodka*
9. Rice — *sake* (Japan)
10. Rye — *kvass; whiskey*
11. Sohrghum — *burukutu* (Nigeria);
kafir beer (South Africa)
12. Sugarcane — *rum; oke*
13. Wheat — *vodka*
14. Wormwood — *absinthe*

Source: William Emboden, *Narcotic Plants*. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1972.



So you're having guests...

OK, so most of us don't have enough *cups* in the house, let alone a wide array of appropriate drinking glasses. But, just for fun, let's take a look at the stuff you *could* serve your drinks in, if you had them.

Champagne glass Shows the colour of the wine and keeps the bubbles. Champagne should not be served in shallow glasses; they allow the bubbles to dissipate too quickly.

Tulip glass Suitable for red or white wine and for champagne if no flute glasses are available. The narrowed rim helps to guard the bouquet.

Paris goblet Great for red wine. This fairly large glass should only be filled to about one-third.

Cognac glass Easily cupped in the hand to warm the contents. The vapour is held in by its shape.

Tall Glasses are suitable for most mixed drinks.

Mugs are suitable for beer. The handled glass "pub" tankard is traditional in Britain.

Source: *How to Hold a Crocodile*. London: Treasure Press, 1989.



THE GAME

By Liz Phillips

It always starts the same way. The Loved One is parked on a dirt road off the highway, waiting. The Lover is on the bus asking the bus driver if it would be possible to stop en route. The Lover has worked it out statistically that six times out of seven the bus driver refuses to stop. The Loved One then has to follow the bus to its next destination to pick up the Lover. The Lover hops into the car and tells the Loved One what the bus driver has said today: in the past, the driver has said things like, "Sorry, no can do; I am only allowed to drop you off at the designated stops" or "What? You crazy? Fergeddit" or else just a firm "Nope." The Lover prefers it this way. Once, when the driver did stop where the highway meets the dirt road, the Lover, overwhelmed by the extra time, fidgeted during the entire visit.

They usually sit in the car. They have to sit in the car or else the mosquitoes will eat them alive. The Lover prefers this season because of the mosquitoes, because mosquitoes make the car feel safe. And

just to make the Loved One feel better, the Lover says that, statistically, the chances of mosquitoes biting them inside the car are as high as those of lightning striking the same tree twice. The Lover has been forced to concede, however, that a

issue. In the past, when the Lover has brought up the Ifs and Whens of Parting, the Loved One's fingers start pulling at each other.

They never touch. The Lover's hands just hover closely over the Loved One's fingers, legs and face,

trapping warm air between skin and skin. The Lover once put forth a theory that couples these days wait a longer time before they get married in order to cut down on the time they have to spend with each other. The Lover has theories on everything, from mosquitoes to marriage to public transportation.

The Lover is also the one who invented the Game. It's the Lover's Game. It was the Lover who introduced it one day when



few determined mosquitoes have made their way into the car and have bitten them one out of seven times. That is, one out of every seven visits, and not one out of seven mosquitoes. This statistic will change, however, if the visits continue. But the Lover prefers not to hazard a guess on that

they were sitting in the car. The Game goes like this: one person offers the other person something they both want, like the last piece of cake; the person who has been offered the cake refuses it and insists the other person take it. They go on like this, back and forth, begging the other per-

son to please take the cake until finally one person says, O.K. I'll take it, and does. The fun of the Game is never knowing how long the offering will go on until someone puts an end to it. The offerings have usually been the things like the Loved One's favourite book, or chocolate truffles the Loved One spent hours making, or a small watercolour the Loved One painted of a rare flower outside the car window. After a while, the Loved One noticed that the Lover was always winning the Game, and finally said one day that, statistically, the Lover won four times out of five in every nineteen out of twenty visits. The Lover laughed it off, insisting it was only a game; the Loved One was just waiting too long to call the shots, that's all.

The Loved One had to wait for seven visits before the bus driver, according to the Lover's statistics

would agree again to stop en route. In the visits leading up to the seventh, the Lover and the Loved one continued to play the Game, the Lover always winning. The Loved One didn't complain. In fact, the Game took up an immeasurable amount of time now because the Loved One refused the offering every time, leaving the Lover no choice but to take it. There was no longer any time left over for hand hovering, for trapping air between skin, for explorations above the body.

On the seventh visit, the Loved One waited in the car as usual. The bus, complying with statistical truths, pulled over to the side of the highway and the Lover bounded, gazelle-like, towards the car. The Lover was visibly excited. A decision had been made. The Lover had known even seven visits ago, when the Loved One talked of statistics, when the Loved

One said the Lover had always won the Game, that here was a soul mate. Still, the Lover had to be sure, and seven more visits seemed like a good amount of time to wait before saying anything. Now the Lover went over the words to make sure they still sounded like a winning combination. A squeeze choked the Lover's heart, pushing a red glow up to the Lover's face. The Lover did not jump into the car this time but ran around to the driver's side and squatted beside the driver's window to say, all apple cheeks, "I have decided to give you what you want," certain the Loved One would say, "No, no, I insist, let me give *you* what *you* want." But the Loved One said, "Great" and pulled the car onto the highway and drove off. ▲

Liz Phillips is a 4th year English major and is a former assistant editor for Time Out.

THINGS

THAT
MOM
FORGOT

TO
TELL
YOU

A handy miscellany of time-saving & error correcting info to help cope with life's many chores.

In the bedroom:

① To save time making beds, stitch the bottom corners of your bedspread together so it fits the mattress. This save you from racing from one side of the bed to the other to straighten the spread.

In the kitchen:

① Soak lemons, oranges and limes in warm water before squeezing to release more juice. Rolling them on the counter before squeezing also helps to achieve this effect.

② You can restore limp celery, lettuce, and carrots to quasi-crispness by soaking them in ice water for about an hour.

③ To soften butter, invert a heated bowl over the stick for a few minutes.

④ For scorched saucepans: Fill halfway with water, a few tablespoons of baking soda, and boil. The burned food will eventually loosen and float to the top of the water.

In the Laundry:

① Never hang clothing in the closet until it is thoroughly dry. An unventilated closet can cause staining.

② Soak coloured items that "bleed" in a solution of 4 tablespoons of salt to one litre of water. Rinse in a water mixed water. Colours should stay put.

③ After washing mittens, turn them inside out and brush to fluff up the nap. This makes them warmer and more water repellent.

For the Environment:

② Save your empty egg shells to grow seeds. Place the shells into an open egg carton so they can be easily placed on a window sill. When ready to transplant, just plant the entire bundle, including the shell. The shells will decompose and act as a fertilizer.

② Stick a plastic straw over the end of the tube inside spray bottles to reach the fluid left in the bottom.

③ Use old coffee grounds on the soil of your houseplants to add nitrogen to the soil.

④ Chill candles thoroughly before burning them. They will burn more slowly and drip less.

⑥ Use fluorescent bulbs wherever possible. A 40-watt bulb provides twice the light of a 100-watt incandescent bulb and uses less electricity.

Miscellaneous:

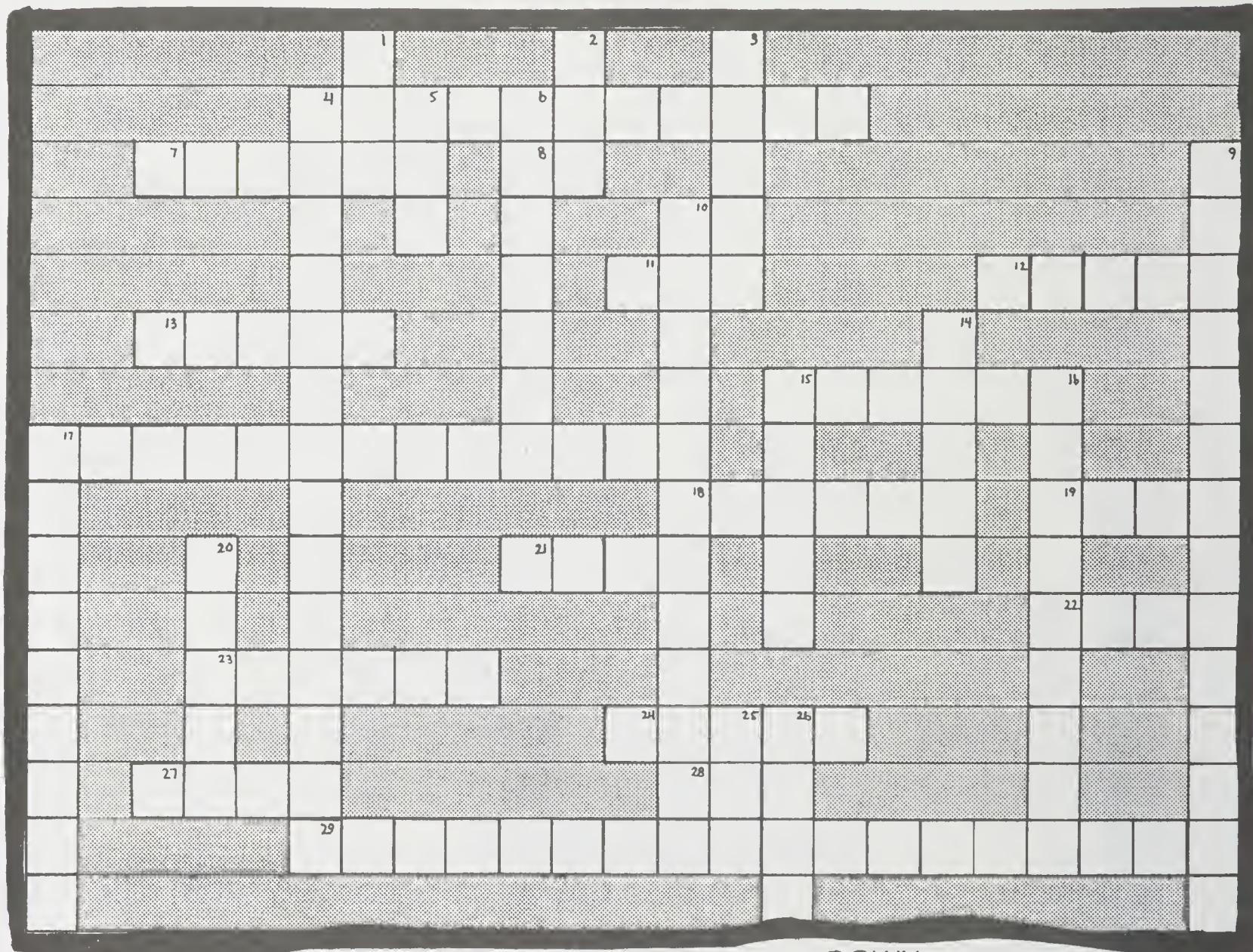
① Dig your nails into a bar of soap before doing messy jobs. This will prevent dirt from grinding under your nails.

Source: The people's Almanac

Crossword: The 70's Return

Yup, it was two decades ago, but most of us remember it anyways, if only as a historical experiment we dare not repeat: As kids glued to the tube, we managed to pick up most of the cliches, some of the names, and an affinity for tacky reruns.

Test your memory with this '70's crossword:



ACROSS:

- 4. Tuneful trousers
- 7. It's the word
- 8. Shack, to pals
- 10. Ab. for Metlrc
- 11. — Partridge Family
- 12. Chlld-care guru
- 13. Stanley's roommate
- 15. Rasputin Rhapsodes
- 17. Quintessential pick-up line
- 18. Where your hair parted
- 19. Teen Idol Garrett

- 21. Village People hangout
- 22. Stockholm Singers
- 23. Wheeled skate
- 24. Dance Rage
- 27. B.J.'s Buddy
- 28. Scooby —
- 29. Penultimate disco flick

DOWN:

- 1. Newsman Nessman
- 2. — Squad
- 3. Ziggy Stardust
- 4. Saturday Night Singers
- 5. Dittos 1. Down
- 6. Fraternal Harmonizers
- 9. "The good ol" boys"
- 10. Not hop-along
- 14. Pete or Bob
- 15. Group of Bradys
- 16. Laverne's home town
- 17. Nixon's Nemesis
- 20. Donny's sis
- 25. Shared billing with Sanford
- 26. Slinky was a glorified one of these

Turn page for answers...

GOIN' 4 BROKE

Sports enthusiasts and bubblegum card fanatics take note! The Golden Gaels football team, aiming for a first-place finish in CIAU rankings, has already taken one lead this season, by producing the first university team cards in Canada.

Created by Breakaway Productions, the cards will be sold in a limited edition of 12,000 as part of a fundraising effort to send the team to play in Britain next spring. Breakaway plans to donate all profits to the team.

Despite their conspicuous lack of the traditional stick of stale gum, the cards, with their nifty plastic playing card case, make a great collectible, and you get the whole set at once.

Golden Gael football cards cost \$19.95 plus taxes, and are available at the Campus Book Store, The College Book Merchant, Cosmic Comics, and selected distributors across Canada.

A GOLDEN DECK
#2

The starving student, a stereotypical quasi-bohemian image of "doing without," designed to evoke parental pity and discount travel rates. But in a university community of microwaves and cable t.v. It seems borderline poverty is seldom an issue. still, the look is sometimes all that matters, and that, ironically, does not come cheap.

Here's a brief rundown on the price of appearing penniless:

Queen's ballcap: \$15.00 (vs the dozens of free ones already owned)

Queen's Jacket ('95 price): \$245

Hooded Sweatshirt: \$48

Bazaar-bought sweater: \$85

Assorted pendants: \$10-\$20 (more if precious metals are involved)

Wool Socks: \$7.00 (vs tube socks at 3/\$3.29 at discount stores)

Birkenstocks: \$115 & up

... and remember, you still have to buy t-shirts, underwear, jeans, a wristwatch...



Miscellany...

Number of patents received by the U.S. patent office in the 1990 fiscal year: 174,000

Total amount they collected for patent registration during this period: \$30,450,000

Cost of a nonstop, first-class, round-trip ticket from New York City to Zurich: \$5,078

Cost of an off-season coach-class ticket: \$650

Number of visitors to Graceland each year: 600,000

Total amount of money spent on admission alone to Graceland per year: \$9,570,000

Cost of replacing the mast of the Japanese entry in the 1990 World Championship
yacht Racing Competition: \$650,000

Average cost of a 30-second commercial spot during Super Bowl I, in 1967: \$40,000

Average cost of a 30-second commercial spot during Super Bowl XXV, 1991: \$800,000

Total recorded sales of all American drug stores in 1989: \$62,900,000,000

Auctioned cost Jim Morrison's handwritten lyrics for "L.A. Woman": \$17,600

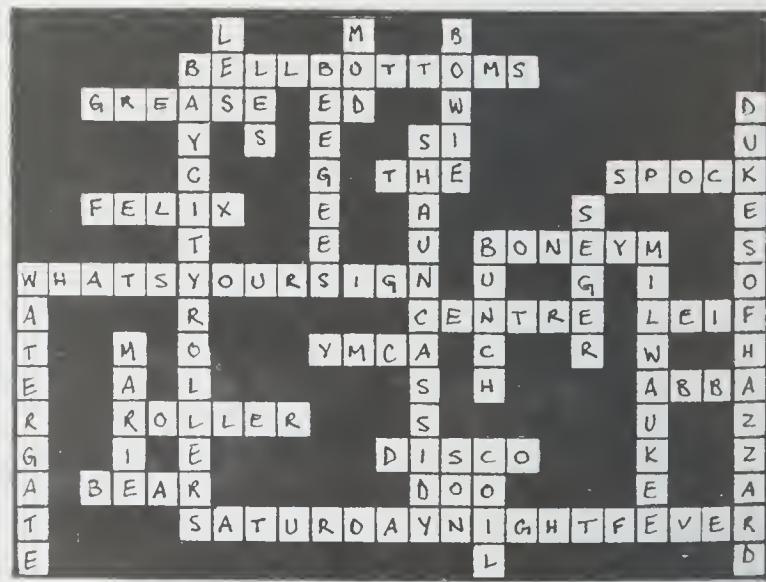
Auctioned cost of Jimi Hendrix's handwritten, signed lyrics for "Room Full of Mirrors": \$35,200

Number of documents Soviet citizens are required to apply for on any given day: 4,320,393

The daily cost of processing these documents: \$23,013,699



For the first time ever, *Time Out* has been produced on 100% recycled paper, using vegetable-based inks, so we're *fully recyclable* – or just about. Please remove the staples before you stick us in your blue box.



October 1991

PRINCESS COURT CINEMA

(PRINCESS AT DIVISION)

Please call to confirm screenings

5 4 6 - F.I.L.M.
24 hr. INFO LINE

ADMISSION + GST

Members, Seniors, Under 18

\$4.50

Non-members

\$6.50

Tuesdays & Matinees

\$2.99-GST

Members

\$3.99-GST

Non-members

\$3.99-GST

A portion of each admission goes to development fund.

\$3.99-GST

\$3.99-GST

MEMBERSHIP Free program mailing

Regular, one year

\$16.00

Student, Senior, one year

\$10.70

The Princess Court Cinema, a non-profit educational society devoted to the appreciation and promotion of the arts, receives no financial support of the theatre are tax deductible. The operations of the National Film Theatre are made possible by the financial support of the Ministry of Culture and Communications, The Canada Council, the Corporation of the Canadian Film Commission and the Department of Communications.

Ontario Rating Codes

Family, all admitted

Parental Guidance

Suggested

Adult Accompaniment

(all patrons 14 and under to be accompanied by an adult)

Restricted. No admission

to patrons under 18 years of age.

Information, prices

about the film's content, from the Ontario Film

Review Board.



November 1991

MANY THANKS to the Ontario Ministry of Culture and Communication for grant funds towards our recent purchase of new computer equipment.

Visiting Director:
Atom Egoyan

Friday, Nov. 22



Already one of Canada's most important directors at age thirty, Atom Egoyan has garnered international acclaim and won numerous awards for his films. His latest film, THE ADJUSTER, was invited to the prestigious Director's Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival, and premieres in Kingston at the Princess Court Cinema November 21-24. We are delighted to have Atom Egoyan as our guest at the screening Friday, Nov. 22.

November 1991

This Side

Sun. Nov. 3

Mon. Nov. 4

Tues. Nov. 5

Wed. Nov. 6

Thurs. Nov. 7

Fri. Nov. 8

Sat. Nov. 9

2:00 p.m. Matinee Prices

Risenbant & Guldstein
The Dead

7:00 p.m.

EATING

9:10 p.m.

Everybody's Fine

9:10 p.m.

Sun. Nov. 10

2:00 p.m. Matinee Prices

Citizen Kane

7:00 p.m.

ALICE

9:15 p.m.

Citizen Kane

10:15 p.m.

This is the re-released, new print of Orson Welles' Citizen Kane, the cult classic directed and starred in at the height of his career. It is a masterpiece of film artistry and a landmark in the history of cinema. A detailed and dense drama about the rise of a newspaper magnate based on publisher William Randolph Hearst, the film is a study of power, wealth, and the human condition. It is a film that has never been equaled. It breaks new cinematic ground, perhaps most notably with Welles' use of long, flowing camera shots.

10:15 p.m.

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Feb 16-21 Feb 14-21

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Venezuela \$969.00
Feb 14-21 All inclusive

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Feb 13-20 \$579.00

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Venezuela \$969.00
Feb 14-21 All inclusive

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last year.*



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Nov 15 & 16
Heckman & Robertson

Nov 21, 22 & 23
Clergy St. Beat

Nov 28, 29 & 30
Doug Reansbury

Dec 5
The Long Hello

Dec 6 & 7
Funk Inc!

Annual New Year's
Eve Party with
Georgette Fry & Co.

New Grad Club Deli

Fresh, Fast Food, all day

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Saturday: Noon -1:00am

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•Smokers

•Parties

•Meetings, etc...

All Law, MBA, Meds & GSS

students are members

Social memberships available to others

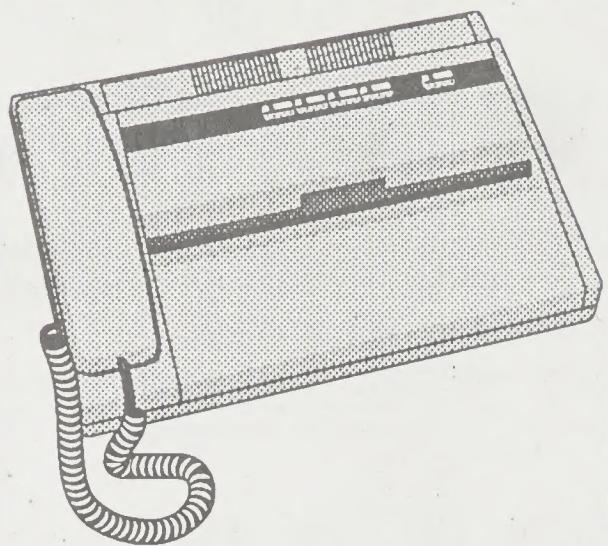
VCR

pool Tables

T.V.s

Dart Boards

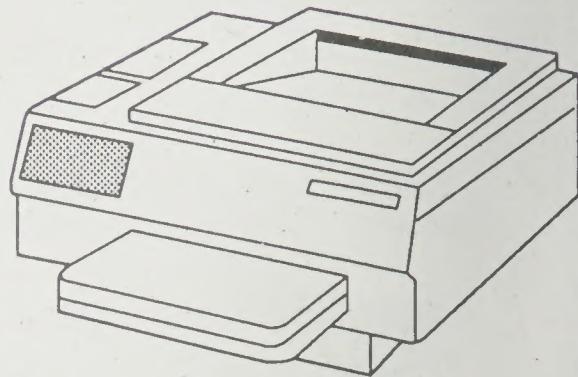
Board Games



- resumés
- posters
- fax

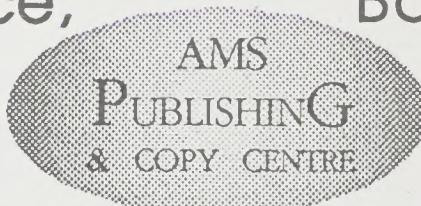
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Personal size	(6")	Deluxe*
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*Deluxe toppings include sausage, pepperoni, onions, mushroom & green pepper.

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